# Death's Warrant,

OR THE

# SOUL'S WELCOME

TO

# GLORY.

---

WRITTEN BY

JOHN BROWN,

A young man in Hexham on his death bed, and sung at his Funeral, at his own request

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TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE LIFE OF THE

*Happy Man.*

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NEWCASTLE,

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# Death's Warrant, &c.

THE King of Kings a Warrant ſeal'd
and ſent it out by death;
And charged him to ſerve the ſame,
Upon my feeble breath.
Death came with ſpeed, and ſeized me
Whilſt I in trouble lay;
And with his dart did pierce my heart,
And took my life away.
How quickly then my ſoul was loos'd
Out of this houſe of Clay!
With which confinement long I'd groan'd
And wiſh'd for that bleſs'd day.
Angels immediately came down,
With power from on high,
To gaurd my ſpirit ſafely home.
Above the ſtarry ſky.
Sweet praiſes all the way we went,
I found did molify,
From angel's tongues, that ſounded loud,
"Salvation now is nigh.
The gate above ſtood open wide,
And Jeſus in the ſpace;
He welcom'd me with words and ſmiles,
And joy'd to ſee my face.

e loud proclaim'd the sov'reign word,
And bade me enter in ;
e told me, "he had dy'd for me,
And blotted out my sin.
now my soul with angels sits,
Amongst the heavenly choir ?
y walk and talk with JESUS is,
Which was my soul's desire.
hen I a tenant was in clay,
How weary was ? there ?
y sweet with bitter drops was mix'd,
My life was grief, and care !
ut former things are done away ;
My work is now to "sing ;"
n thousand praises are his due,
Who is my LORD and KING.
o you, my friends, who bear me home,
Unto my DUSTY BED,
he place where oft you've heard me say,
I long'd to lay my head ?
ng praise, sing praise, my loving friends,
Sing praises all the way :
was my will, that you should sing,
Upon my burial day.
ng from my chamber to my grave,
My friends that round me be ;
his work I oft times thought upon,
When I your face did see.
y time is wholly done with you ?
This is your last for me.
nd as you sing, so think e'er long,
That you must carry'd be,

Farewell! my fellow ſaints behind,
Do good the time you live;
For death e'er long will ſummons you,
And give you no reprieve.
Farewell! my fleſh, and blood moſt dear,
I leave you all behind;
Unto the God of Iſrael's care,
Who's merciful and kind.
The day comes haſting on with ſpeed,
When Chriſt will come again,
To raiſe the bodies of his ſaints,
That they may with him reign.
My fleſh and duſt ſhall reſt in hope
Till that great look'd for day;
Then all the ſorrows of his ſaints,
Shall vaniſh quite away.
Kings are not reſcu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor ſpeed nor courage of a horſe,
Can the bold rider ſave.
Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bleſs us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And truſt thy grace alone.

Chriſt

*Christ's Passion, Sinner's Salvation.*

KEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold, the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.
In long complaints he spends his breath,
With hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their deep design.
O, gracious God, thy power and love,
Has made the curse a blessing prove.
The dreadful sufferings, of thy Son,
Mourn'd for sins that we had done;
The pangs of our expiring Lord,
The honours of the law restor'd;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own,
For his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
And shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

*The Church speaks.*

Father dear, alas I hear,
Nor can I sit content,
Mantle's tore wolves keep my door,
Sacred walls are rent,
Grant us, Lord, with one accord,
That with one voice we may

All join in praise, our voices raise,
And bless the happy day,
I'll raise my head, nor will I dread,
Since disputes now will cease,
My peace restor'd, by my blest Lord,
My joys again increase.
The promises to us are near,
Yea, even at our hand,
His gracious face, proclaims yet peace.
To this degenerate land
Come broken-hearted, lame and blind,
Who long have bore distress,
Here is a cure for each of you,
Christ your physician is;
Likewise your God, who bore the load,
When you no help could have,
Your desperate case thro' his free grace
He saw, and you relieved.
The glorious Father's only Son,
Did love his creatures so,
His matchless love did condescend,
To redeem mankind from woe.
Their voice he heard, and did regard
Their cries his ears did reach,
The gospel truth unveil'd to youth,
Sent them the truth to preach.
The cloud dispers'd which long had rest,
And ready was to fall
Upon my bed; Christ brought redeem,
Freed me from Satans thrall.
Now will I sing praise to my king,
Who is my guide and head;
Faithful is he, who cannot lie,
But makes his promise good.

l watchful grow, his will purſue,
Not ſlight his favours more;
dmit of none who climbs the wall,
But enters at the door.
Whoſe doctrine's pure, and walk ſecure,
Examplary they be;
Conſtant and juſt are to their truſt,
Free from hypocriſy.
n days of old as I am told,
When goſpel truth prevail'd,
o malice then by tongue or pen,
Good charity never fail'd.
ut how much alter'd is the caſe,
Each man condemns his brother,
Maintains and ſays they go aſtray,
In paths they know not whither.
There's but one road that leads to God,
Pity ſuch difference were,
The ſcriptures read, they will you lead,
If you obſerve what's there.
What's therein wrote keep ſtrict to that,
God's own hand did it pen;
Therein's the rule to ſave the ſouls
Of the race of ſinful men.

## *The Happy Man.*

THE happy man was born in the city of regeneration, in the pariſh of repentance unto life; he was educated at the School of Obedience, and now lives in the plain of perſeverance; he works at the trade of diligence, and not with-

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[illegible] he has a large estate in the county of Christian contentment; doth many [illegible] of self-denial; he wears the pl[illegible] of humility, and hath a better suit to put on when [illegible] called the robe of Christ's righteousness; [illegible] walks in the valley of self-abasement, and [illegible] climbs the mountain of heavenly-mindedness; he breaks [illegible] every morning upon the theme of spiritual prayer, and [illegible] every evening on the same; he has meat to eat that the world knows nothing of, and his drink is the purest milk of the word.

Thus happy he lives, and happy he'll die, and happy he shall be to eternity.

Happy, happy he that hath gospel submission in his will, the order in his affection, sound peace in his conscience, satisfying grace in his bible, glory in his breast, truth in his heart, Christ's cross on his back, the redeemer's yoke on his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory on his head; for why is the life of such alone [illegible] order of this family, [illegible] doth [illegible] body, die daily, [illegible] love Christ long for heaven, [illegible] Christian look for that in the creature, which is only to be had in the Creator.

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